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THE GUISE OF THE ENEMY



BY
JAMES L. DORAN

The Guise of the Enemy

A Patriotic Play in Five Acts

DEPICTING THE WORK OF GERMAN
AGENTS WITHIN OUR OWN LAND
DURING THE RECENT WORLD WAR



BY

JAMES L. DORAN

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. CAWLS, Matron, who chaperones a party of girls at the seashore, a kind and loving lady.

GIRLS who are spending the summer in Krenlin with Mrs. Cawls:

NITA COLLINS, short and pretty; a lover of nature, and her fellow-man.

MARTHA STAPES, practical girl.

MILDRED STONE, a self-willed girl, sometimes given to sarcasm.

BERTHA CLAYTON, somewhat reserved.

JOSEPH RICE, a permanent resident of Krenlin; possessed of an independent mind.

THOMAS BLAKE, also a resident and a good friend to Joseph.

ALLEN KIMES, a resorter, and a nephew of Mrs. Cawls.

LT. HAROLD CORD, an American Army Lieutenant, who is spending his vacation (furlough) in Krenlin.

MRS. CORD, his mother.

LEGER STIPSON, a bright, but uneducated waif, of about fourteen years. Should be a natural comedy character. (May be used as a colored cast.)

THE ADMIRAL, a German officer of the submarine crew.

COSTUMES — Modern.

TIME — Summer of 1918.

TIME OF PRESENTATION — Three hours.

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY.

ACT I. Sitting room in Mrs. Cawls's summer cottage at Krenlin, Maine. On an arm of the Passamaquoddy Bay.

ACT II. In the woods at the outskirts of Krenlin.

ACT III. On the porch of Mrs. Cawls's cottage.

ACT IV:

Scene I. At Allen Kimes's cabin in the woods. Morning of August 17.

Scene II. Same as Scene I. Night of the same day.

Scene III. On Rock Island, near midnight of same day as in Scenes I and II.

ACT V. Same as in Act II.

ACT I. (Scene the interior of Mrs. Cawls's cottage, at the summer resort in northeastern Maine.)

Mrs. Cawls — (Sleeping upon couch as girls come into house; girls waken her; she arises, kisses girls in turn, speaking) — Oh, girls, I am so glad you are here. I just arrived last night and was expecting you this morning and so haven't straightened things up much. In fact I thought that you girls would want to arrange things to suit yourselves, so I lay down to wait for you, and I guess I must have fallen asleep. How are you, anyhow?

Bertha — (As girls seat themselves on boxes and chairs about the room) — Just fine, Mrs. Cawls, how could we be otherwise? Why, the thoughts of this vacation have kept our spirits at the very highest. And now to feel and know that our hopes are realized, oh, it is great.

Mrs. Cawls — And now do you wonder why I was so anxious that you who knew nothing but the confines of your own home town should take a vacation and why of all places I should choose Krenlin?

Bertha — No, Mrs. Cawls, this is wonderful; it is just such a place as that in which I have always felt that I should like to live. The hills in the distance —

Mildred — And the great bay here before us — oh, I could look forever upon those beautiful waves.

Bertha — And to think those waves are not at all like mamma said they were at New Smyrna, Florida — why, there she said the waves were, oh, so high.

Mrs. Cawls — Yes, my dear, but you must remember that we are now on the shore of an arm of the Passamaquoddy Bay and that we are completely protected from the high waves of the ocean by Nova Scotia, which extends far enough to the south to break the larger waves, and Campabello and Deer Islands, which we can see here to the east of us, serve to isolate us the further from the rough seas; while, on the other hand, if my memory serves me correctly, New Smyrna is directly upon the coast without even so much as an island to protect its waters from being rough like those of the great Atlantic.

Bertha — To be sure; how stupid of me not to have thought of that before.

Mrs. Cawls — I should hardly say stupid, my dear; you have never been to the coast before and it is quite natural that you should expect to see immediately upon visiting it for the first time, those things that others have seen upon their visits to the ocean even though your knowledge would tell you differently if you were to stop to reason.

Mildred — But who would stop to reason upon being thrust into such a beautiful place? Reasoning is too difficult a thing for me to undertake while on a vacation.

Drayman — (from outside) — Baggage.

Martha — (Having carried in suitcases as Mildred concludes) — Do not fear to undertake difficult things, Mildred. Here, lend a hand and help me carry this trunk to another room; I am anxious to get things unpacked so that I can get out along the beach.

Nita — Yes, girls, let's get our unpacking done and then we will be free to enjoy the beauties of the place. I for one am anxious to get into action. The sea, the woods in the immediate distance, everything seems to invite me to wonderful adventures.

Martha — Adventure is right. Where adventure and excitement are let me be, I love it. (All stir about arranging things.)

Bertha — So do all of us.

Martha — But some have an inner feeling, a sense of refinement, that keeps them from showing it.

Mrs. Cawls — That is but natural; society has become such that a girl's initiative and originality are dwarfed by the demands of eccentric people. But such is not the case here — everyone is here for pleasure, so enjoy yourselves in any way that is in harmony with your conscience. But be careful to let no one influence you to do wrong.

Martha — Oh, to be sure, we did not mean anything otherwise, Mrs. Cawls.

Mrs. Cawls — Don't call me Mrs. Cawls, girls, call me mother; everyone else about here does.

Girls — (At once) — All right (at the same time others say). Really I think that will be so much nicer (first conclude) and so much more homelike.

Nita — But come, girls, let us fix things around according to the way we want them, instead of spending all our time chattering; we're getting to be worse than a bunch of old maids.

Martha — Or a Ladies' Aid Society. (As they recommence their work.)

Mrs. Cawls — Well, since you are all going to get busy I expect I had better go to prepare an early lunch, then you can have a full afternoon on the beach, — or wherever you wish to spend it. (Exits center.)

Mildred — The tennis courts for me.

Martha — Well, I guess I'll keep on in this room just now and then, after it has been finished, decide how I shall spend the afternoon.

Mildred — Then if our work is to be done first, how would it do for Bertha and I to clean our bedrooms and fix our beds while you and Nita fix this room?

Martha — Go to it then. (*Mildred and Bertha exeunt door right; Martha and Nita hang pictures, pennants, etc., at the same time making casual remarks.*)

Mrs. Cawls — (*Entering at center accompanied by Allen Kimes*) — Girls, you have often heard me speak of my nephew, Allen Kimes. He is to be here at Krenlin for the summer, and I trust that you may learn to know him well (*introduces*). I know he will enjoy your company.

Allen — To be sure, I always enjoy the company of congenial young people.

Mrs. Cawls — You see Allen is my only nephew, consequently I have become greatly attached to him and it will be a great pleasure to me to have him around. He is so good, so manly, and so strong.

Allen — You flatter me, Auntie; even those of the virtues that you mention that I once possessed I fear have been greatly diminished because of sickness. I had not told you that I am here in hopes of regaining my health, had I?

Mrs. Cawls — Why, Allen, what do you mean?

Allen — Nothing, Auntie, except I have been suffering considerably lately from the after effects of pneumonia, the result of the "Flu", which I had about two months ago.

Mrs. Cawls (*Excitedly*) — Why, Allen, you —

Allen — Now, Auntie, none of that. I was not very bad, and as mother thought you would worry about me we decided not to write you about it. You know most of the deaths that occurred as a result of the "Flu" were cases where the patient worried considerably; now supposing we had written to you and about that time you had taken the disease, the worry and the sickness might have caused you to keel over, too, so we didn't write. Then when I began to get better I started back to work too soon. The rest is the same old story. So the doctor thought I would do well to get out of office work for a while; so to be far away from it I came here. This is my third week here and already I am beginning to feel so much better.

Mrs. Cawls — Oh, Allen, I am so glad. But now I — (*rising quickly and rushing out center*) oh, goodness, I believe I smell potatoes burning.

Allen — Now, isn't that just like Auntie? For that very reason mother or I dared not write her of my illness; she would have forgotten all other things.

Nita — You have a very fine aunt; she is very fond of you. Yet I do not doubt that you did wisely in not telling her of your misfortune.

Allen — Have you girls known her long, or did you first become acquainted with her by answering her advertisements as a chaperone to this summer resort?

Nita — Oh, we have known her for years. I was born in her house, and she has been a very dear friend to our family ever since my people first knew her.

Martha — And we are all from the same town, and no one could live in the same town with your aunt without knowing her. She is one of the most noble characters I have ever known. She is always doing something to make others, and so far as possible, everyone happy.

Allen — I am so glad you like her; it may be that it is a family trait that appeals to you.

Nita — An expression of admiration on such short acquaintance would be construed as flattery, Mr. Kimes. But we certainly do trust that we may learn to know you better. Did you say that you had been here three weeks?

Allen — I have; and quiet weeks they have been. You see there is not much use made of these summer resorts so far north as this one, until about the first of July. Previous to that time it is usually very quiet.

Martha — Oh, dear, and this is only the first of June.

Allen — Pardon me, Miss Stapes, but I have recently resolved to avoid all flattery.

Martha — But why do you say that, Mr. Kimes?

Allen — Didn't Miss Collins state that such expressions on short acquaintance were nothing other than flattery?

Martha — Oh, dear, I am not responsible for what she says.

Allen — Again! Perhaps you feel that our acquaintance has been of longer duration than when she spoke as she did; and maybe you do not feel as she did about the matter — do you mean what you say, Miss Stapes? (Advances toward her.)

Martha — I simply mean, Mr. Kimes, that I am sorry the resort will be so still and quiet for another month.

Nita — You see, Mr. Kimes, that is an expression quite common for Martha, she uses it quite unconsciously. But when you hear me use such an expression you may have reason for thinking that — oh, well, anyhow that our acquaintance has been of longer duration than when I spoke as I did a few minutes ago.

Allen — Thank you.

Nita — But now, Mr. Kimes, how shall we spend our time until the people come for the summer? I should think the place would be awfully dead?

Martha — Yes! That was what I meant.

Allen — So one man has found it.

Nita — Uh huh! So you are lonely, are you?

Allen — No, I am not lonely; why should I be? The beach, the bay, the woods, golf, croquet, tennis, and just now the society of two beautiful young ladies, both of whom have already learned to love the only member of my family that they have known. No, it was not I of whom I was speaking. I am not lonesome, have not been lonesome, and as I will during the next few weeks have but little competition in the making of your acquaintance, I do not see that I need become lonely.

Martha — Then whom do you mean?

Allen — As a matter of fact I hardly know of anyone becoming lonely. I understood Miss Collins to say dead.

Nita — So I did; but in what way do you distinguish between the two expressions?

Allen — As sometimes used there is little difference, but with this man there was considerable difference. I do not know that he was lonely. But I do know that he found Krenlin, or rather that Krenlin found him dead (as Allen concludes Joseph Rice appears at window looking in).

Nita — Tell us the joke.

Martha — Yes, do tell.

Allen — You may well consider it quite a joke, but hasn't my aunt told you about it. She surely heard of it.

Nita — No, do tell.

Allen — There is little for me to tell. Some time ago there was a young fisherman shot while out in his boat here upon the bay. No one heard the shot, but one morning a boat was seen drifting upon the water so two men went for it. As they came upon it they found this young fisherman lying dead in the bottom of it. There was a hole in its side made by the bullet on its deadly career. This seemed to indicate that the young fellow had sensed trouble and had prostrated himself within his craft, which was little more than a canoe, before the shot had been fired. I can tell you no more. The murderer has not been found. (Rice disappears from window.)

Martha — How terrible!

Bertha — (Appearing in bathing suit) — Now for a plunge, come along, girls, I (seeing Kimes) — girls, I thought this cottage was to be reserved for us girls only. (Turns back crying as she goes out) — Mildred, the girls have a man in here.

Mrs. Cawls — (at center) — Lunch is ready, girls. Allen, won't you dine with us today?

Allen — No, thank you, Auntie, I must be going now. Girls, it has been a pleasure to me to know you. (Mrs. Cawls exits.)

Girls — Thank you (from one; the other) the same to you.

Allen — (Continuing as though uninterrupted) — And may I hope as my dear aunt has said that we may learn to know each other much better? How about a game of tennis this afternoon?

Nita — How kind of you; I shall be delighted. Will you call for me?

Allen — Pleased to, I shall call about two o'clock. You might ask the other girls to come, too, I'm sure we can beat them, can't we?

Martha — Do not be too sure of that, Mr. Kimes; I beat your aunt last autumn in the only game she ever played, and I might respond with a ditto to another member of the family.

Allen — Well, we'll drop the matter until two o'clock when we shall see. Until then goodbye. Exit door left.)

Nita — Goodbye.

Martha — Goodbye, and be careful not to eat so much as to make you heavy on your feet.

Nita — (to door right) — Girls, lunch is waiting, so hurry; you know we want a long afternoon about the resort.

Martha — Uh huh, about the resort, eh? So you think you'll take a stroll after the game, do you? Well, if you are to get far with that man in your reconnaissance of this place it will be necessary that a third party accompany you.

Nita — Oh, I don't know. I do not think that he is the sort of a man to lose much time.

Martha — My sentiments exactly; nor do I think that he will have to walk all over town to speak his thoughts, while conserving his time, unless — the third party should be along.

Mildred — (entering door right) — You girls had better look out; Bertha is sore because you did not warn her of a gentleman's arrival.

Nita — Too many women are apt to embarrass a young man in his first attempt to become acquainted, especially when none of his former acquaintances are about to help him out.

Martha — (As Bertha appears in door right) — Ah, here comes our young vaudeville actress; but why the change of costume?

Bertha — Girls, you have let me make a fool of myself, but I thought to take a plunge before lunch.

Martha — We had no intentions of disappointing you. Say, but you surely should have made some hit. And now to think you made a change just as soon as he left.

Bertha — Oh, girls, why —

Nita — No whys about it, let's get to lunch. Mother has been waiting for four minutes now (glances at clock).

Martha — Oh, yes, girls, do hurry; our Miss Promptness has a date for this P. M. (All go out door center.)

Nita — (As leaving) — I have a tennis appointment at **two and** you are all invited to come with us. I am to be Mr. Kimes's partner, and he has already pronounced our victory.

Mrs. Cawls — (Enters door center, winds victrola) — This will be something the girls will not find in many cottages about here. I was the only person who had a victrola here at Krenlin all last summer, but we might just as well have things as up to date here as they have them in the city. (Exits after starting victrola, Joseph Rice enters door left after pause.)

Joseph — A joke, eh? So that is the way he regards the matter. Kimes, I have for some time felt that your presence here is for no good. The tragedy occurred fully a month before your arrival. Since then the matter has been spoken of but little, in hopes that the perpetrator might be found and brought to justice; still he seems to know all about it. "A joke. I can tell you no more." To me there is no doubt as to his ability to tell more than any other living man; but perhaps he thought to dispose of the subject abruptly lest he might incriminate himself. And then he might not have cared to dwell upon the subject longer for thoughts of murder usually seem unpleasant after the deed has been committed. But, young man, look out; each day you are winding tighter about you the evidence of your guilt; justice cannot always be evaded.

Mrs. Cawls — (Entering to again start victrola) — Well, hello, Joseph; just as I expected.

Joseph — And why did you expect me, mother?"

Mrs. Cawls — Do you think I am apt to forget your interest in girls?

Joseph — But —

Mrs. Cawls — They will be in just as soon as they have finished their lunch. Until then amuse yourself as best you can. Maybe you do not want this thing grinding away?

Joseph — No, no, mother, let her go, I like it; it is something new to hear one of those things around here again, sounds like old times.

Mrs. Cawls — Is that so? (Exits.)

Joseph — She's a dear old soul. Year after year she comes here to chaperone a party of girls, usually those who do not have all the privileges of society in their homes. She brings them here and leads and guides them as a mother. (Thomas Blake enters door left.)

Thomas — Don't know about that, Rice, I've been around quite a little in my day, and in going my rounds I have come in contact with the mothers of quite a number of girls, and believe me none of them ever seemed to have the same con-

sideration for a fellow that Mother Cawls does. She can treat a fellow right, I'll tell you, when he comes calling around.

Joseph — You said something then, Old Top.

Thomas — Did I? I didn't know I was talking. Gosh, but it is handy to have some one around to keep a fellow informed as to his vocal activities.

Joseph — Well, Old Crab, what's loose now?

Thomas — My tongue as usual. Say, wouldn't it be scrumptious if these girls would be as congenial as Mother Cawls?

Joseph — I hardly think so. Mrs. Cawls likes everyone; and if each of these young dames takes that stand — well, I'll have to live alone another year. Say, Tom, did you see the girls, anyhow?

Thomas — Golly no — my luck as usual; but it seems everyone else did. Even old John Hoskins was telling down at the store that they were the prettiest bunch of petticoats that were ever placed in this market.

Joseph — So that's the old duck's opinion, is it?

Thomas — Seems to be, so I came over to see how nearly he was right.

Joseph — Ditto here. By the way, Tom, have you seen Kimes lately?

Thomas — Yeh, saw him down along the beach this morning. He seemed to be looking around as though he had lost something. But I guess it wasn't anything very valuable, for when he saw me he began to whistle and walked up toward the town.

Joseph — Well, Tom, do you know I am beginning to —

Leger — (Entering with a rush) — By cracky, you should have seed the fire. Most excitement I've seed about this joint since the old black hen tried to make shredded wheat out o' the fudge Old Maid Callahan put out on the pump platform to cool last summer.

Thomas — What do you mean, fire, kid?

Leger — Golly, man, but you should have seed her. If you knowed enough to let these here females alone you mightn't have missed so much.

Thomas — But the fire?

Leger — That's what I came over to tell Mammy Cawls about. Golly, she's the only one can understand a kid. (Bolts into dining room, calling) Say, Mammy, you know old (sees girls, turns and runs back) — Gosh, I didn't suppose they were in there. How's it happen you fellers are out here? Didn't they smile loud when they saw me? Golly, but they're pretty — that little one with all that red ribbon up there across her front (referring to big red bow worn with middie) — Gee!

Joseph — Now listen here, Leger, quiet yourself and tell us about the fire.

Leger — Well, you know old (Mrs. Cawls enters with girls) — Gosh, here they come. Golly, but they're pretty. (Hides.) (Mrs. Cawls introduces girls. Thomas lingers near Nita. Leger snickers; Joe drags him out. Girls laugh; Leger pouts.)

Nita — Don't let them bother you, little man; come here to me, I will not laugh any more.

Leger — (Going to Nita) — Golly, I like you best anyhow. Gosh, but you're pretty. (Thomas laughs.) Say, Tom, why didn't you kiss her? You do all the other girls. I would if my mouth wasn't all over sticky. (Turning to Nita) — Gosh, but you're pretty.

Mrs. Cawls — Say, Leger, I have some cookies out in the kitchen for you; come with me.

Leger — Golly, Mammy, but I like you; and I like your cookies, too.

Joseph — But, Mother, Leger came over to tell about a fire, don't take him away yet awhile.

Leger — Wait till I get my cooky.

Mrs. Cawls — You shall have your cooky, but tell about the fire first.

Leger — I will if you'll give me two cookies.

Mrs. Cawls — All right, Leger, you shall have two of them.

Leger — If you'll make it three cookies I'll tell right away.

Mrs. Cawls — Well, Leger, you may have as many cookies as you want.

Leger — Golly, but you're good, Mammy. I'll fill my pockets and if my hat didn't have the top out I could fill it, too.

Thomas — But you must tell about the fire first.

Leger — Well, I'm goin' to, hain't I? Golly, give a feller a chance. (Girls aside remark to themselves about Leger's characteristics.) Well (starts to laugh) golly but it was funny. Old man Thorne was a sitting up there at the store with his feet propped up against one box and his chair leaning back against another box, and him sound asleep. When I comes in and seen him there, and the tobacco juice running out of his mouth, and down through his whiskers, just like it always does, you know. Well, his whiskers was a layin' down on his front clear down to here (makes motion as of whiskers about a foot long) so I slips up real still like and touches them with a lighted match and you ought to seen them burn. The old tobacco juice kept right on a runnin' but it didn't run fast enough to make a very good fire department, and pretty soon old Thorne woke up and you ought to seen him scratch his whiskers and yell. I yells, "run for the bay, Misser Thorne, you're on fire," but he

gets it out after his whiskers is all burned off excepting two strings where the tobacco juice was thickest and then he tooked after me and called me nicknames, like men often call each other when they think there hain't no womens around. Golly, he was mad, and, Gee, you ought to seed me run. But, Gosh, I want my cookies.

Mrs. Cawls — That was such a bad trick I really ought not to give you any cookies; but you won't do it any more, will you, Leger?

Leger — Golly no, Mammy, there hain't no more there to burn, they're all burned off. Golly, but he does look funny.

Bertha — But you naughty boy, you ought to be punished for doing such a trick; that was awful.

Leger — Golly, Miss, don't you go to shootin' off like that or I'll call you some of the nicknames old Thorne called me. I know how they're said all right, I do.

Mrs. Cawls — Don't mind her, Leger, come and have your cookies and then run on.

Leger — (As he and Mrs. Cawls exeunt center — Golly, but you're good, Mammy.

Thomas — Poor waif, everyone picks on him, it is no wonder that he's so bad.

Nita — He seems so forlorn. I feel sorry for him. I'm going to make him my little crony this summer.

Thomas — If you are adopting orphans I might inform you that I am alone in the world.

Nita — And from Leger's way of characterizing your actions I would not be surprised to hear of you remaining so for some time.

Mildred — Do you boys play tennis?

Joseph — Certainly.

Thomas — (Speaking simultaneoulsy with Joseph) — We would like a game this afternoon if it would please you girls.

Mildred — We had hoped to play and will certainly enjoy having you fellows join the crowd.

Thomas — As your partner?

Mildred — Sure, if it pleases you.

Joseph — Well, he seems sort of selfish, so I shall divide my time among the three of you.

Martha — (Aside to Bertha) — He seems more thoughtful and polite than either Mr. Blake or Mr. Kimes.

Joseph — Miss Collins, shall we oppose them first?

Nita — My afternoon is already promised forth. I'm sorry but we'll have opportunities later.

Joseph — To be sure. (To Bertha and Martha) — Which of you girls will be first to hold the court with me against all comers?

Martha — What do you say, Bertha?

Bertha — You; I want to watch at first, and then you know I didn't prepare for tennis. (Toilet incomplete after taking off bathing suit) — But I'll be out soon (Exeunt all except *Bertha* and *Nita*) — I guess my plunge is out of the question for this P. M., so I'll get ready for tennis, too; maybe there'll be an orphan come along and adopt me, at least for tennis.

Nita — Sure; get ready and come along, "any old place the gang goes" go ye there. Here comes Mr. Kimes now. I'll go to meet him. (Takes racket and goes out. *Bertha* goes out door right.)

Leger — (Entering from center with hands and mouth full) — Golly, but these cookies are good.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT II. (Scene Outdoors in timber — *Joseph* and *Thomas* seated upon a log).

Joseph — Tom, what do you suppose is Kimes's idea in building that cabin down there near the edge of the timber?

Thomas — Search me! I hadn't noticed the bloomin' thing until day before yesterday, and then didn't pay any attention to it: just supposed old Hoskins was going to stock up in chickens again and was building a roost for them. The land there belongs to Hoskins, you know.

Joseph — Yes, I know; but Hoskins was telling up at the store last evening that Kimes had given him five hundred dollars for the use of the land during this summer with an option on it at the same rate for five years should he desire to use it that long. He also promised to leave the cabin for Hoskins after he was through with it.

Thomas — Did he give any reason for wanting to build??

Joseph — Well, yes, sort of a reason; said his health wasn't just what it should be and that he wanted to be a little away from the settlement so that he can get more rest.

Thomas — Golly, that ought to suit you, give you better chances to be with *Nita*.

Joseph — I know, Tom, but I do not think that my chances with her are very good.

Thomas — She hasn't given you your walking papers, has she?

Joseph — No, but it is plain to be seen that Kimes holds the string to Cupid's bow there. I have tried by every fair means to outdo him and to thus raise myself in her esteem; but it is no use, I can't even beat him at tennis when she is there. I have played with him at singles and doubles; I

alone have opposed him and Nita; again with Nita as my partner we have played him alone, but it is always with the same result, Kimes never loses a set.

Thomas — That is due to your own lack of self control because you are in love with her. But subject your love and control yourself, then leave Nita out of the games entirely for a few times and play with some one else.

Joseph — Yes, but Nita would be there to watch us, for she's always there, and then it would be the same old thing. No, Tom, I'm out of luck; but I'll try not to let her know that I am aware of my defeat and maybe when the truth is told and Kimes is found out I may have a chance.

Thomas — Good idea Joe. Have you been able to find out any more about the fellow?

Joseph — Not much. How about yourself?

Thomas — Not a bloomin' thing. I have been watching for him up there around the hotel but haven't seen a thing of him for three days, and then just saw him entering the door. I thought maybe he had gone away, but I didn't dare ask anyone for fear they would find out that we are watching him.

Joseph — Well, you see he has been working down at his cabin for nearly a week and he spends most of his time there. Last night there was a light there at ten o'clock when I left the store. So I started down that way, but before I was half way there he put out the light and pretty soon I heard him coming, so I got under cover until he had passed and then I beat it for his cabin, but I couldn't find anything there that was out of the ordinary; but as I was returning along the path he had taken, I found a paper which I took home with me and upon examining it I found that it was a diagram of the coast line here along the bay; in the upper left hand corner was written, No. 932.

Thomas — That sounds interesting.

Joseph — Yes. And then this morning I saw the old boy looking along the path he went last night, so I came upon him rather unexpectedly and asked him if he had lost anything, to which he replied, "Yes, I guess I must have lost a paper that had some of my plans on it somewhere along here last night; but it didn't amount to much, for there isn't much of a plan to that little coop of mine, anyhow". So I helped him look around for it until he gave it up and then I went on up town.

Thomas — That's proof enough that he didn't want you to know what was on the paper. But what do you suppose he will do now?

Joseph — I don't know; but there was quite a wind last night and there is a strong probability that he will conclude that

the paper was snatched up by it and carried out into the bay, and consequently he will just make another map of the place. By the way, Tom, the paper was ruled with the mercator's projections and the outer margin bore the stamp "Made in Germany."

Thomas — I am not surprized.

Joseph — Nor here either. It only adds strength to our suspicions.

Thomas — Do you suppose we ought to disclose our suspicions to Hoskins so that he can watch Kimes's mail?

Joseph — Not at present, Tom; we will watch him in secret a while longer. Otherwise he might become conscious that we are watching him.

Thomas — But think of the harm that he could do to the country in that time. I have no doubts but that our little bay here is a secret base of the enemies' submarines.

Joseph — Neither have I, Tom; but things spread rapidly in a place like this and so I think it best that we have better grounds for our suspicions before we disclose them to a third party. Think of the harm that might be done if our enemies know that they are being watched. No, we better lie low for a while longer.

Thomas — Perhaps so, but I think that we should all be better off if Kimes were out of here.

Joseph — And so do I, but remember Germany may have other agents right here in our midst; at any rate she can send others here as she did Kimes and we would have more difficulty in ascertaining them when the resort is thronged with people a little later in the season.

Thomas — I hadn't thought of that. But here comes Leger.

Leger — (entering from right) Golly, but you fellers are thick. Ever since them girls came to town that's all you've did is just sit around and talk about them. Gosh, you make me sick.

Joseph — But what made you think we were talking about the girls?

Leger — Golly, don't you think I know? Couldn't I tell by the way you quit talkin' when you seen me? Gosh, anybody could tell you didn't want a feller to hear what you was sayin'.

Joseph — But couldn't we be talking about something else, Leger?

Leger — Most fellers could but when you two git out by yourselves, that's all you think about.

Thomas — But, Leger, we were not talking about the girls.

Leger — Then you better see a doctor quick; you're not yourself at all, you hain't a bit natural. But, Golly, I'd like to know what else you'd be talking about.

Thomas — There are lots of things.

Joseph — Say, Leger, why do you suppose Allen Kimes is building that cabin over there?

Leger — Golly, wish I knowed. I hope he hain't goin' to use it for Miss Nita cause I want her for my girl. Gosh, but she's pretty. I'm goin' to give her half my chewin' gum.

Joseph — But why do you like Nita more than the others?

Leger — Cause she's the only one that likes me. Golly, think I'm fool enough to waste my time likin' a girl that don't like me? Not much; I hain't as big a fool as you think I am. But I must go and give her part of my chewin' gum before I gets the juice all chewed out. (exits L).

Thomas — If ever there was a pest, he is it. Let's follow him and see if he does offer Nita any gum.

Joseph — Any old excuse to get near those girls, eh? But I should worry, I like their company fully as well as you do. (They exit left.)

Allen — (Entering after a pause; bites finger nails, appearing uneasy). It surely does beat anything what I did with that paper. Surely I must have lost it. And I would not have anyone find it for the world. I surely hope it has blown out into the bay. I'll draw another anyhow. But if that one is found and there should be anyway of finding out who lost it people would be apt to suspect my motive here. (scratches head).

Nita — (Coming from right.) Hello Allen, I am surprised to see you here. I would have expected you to be busy down at your hut at this time of day.

Allen — Surely a little rest will do no harm. Sit down (she sits beside him) But what brought you here?

Nita — I just started out for a walk and I just couldn't resist coming for a stroll in the woods, they are so beautiful. Do you know I am growing to love this place more and more each day? I only wish I were a naturalist, or something. Wouldn't it be grand to always live in God's great out-of-doors; to hold communion with all nature, the trees, the birds, the plants, everything.

Allen — Truly, you are a naturalist, for you love those things. Why do you consider that you are not?

Nita — Why, I do not know the name of a single wild plant or tree in this region.

Allen — Maybe not, but you know the differences between them, and you appreciate everything; that is sufficient. Remember the names are man made.

Nita — Yes, I know, Allen, but I wish for more than a personal appreciation of God's great handiwork. I long to be able to pass that appreciation on to others; to help them in seeing

the never ending beauties about us, thus lifting them to something higher, grander, and nobler.

Allen — Nita, you yourself are the noblest of God's creatures. Your life, your ways are a reflection of Him. Your thoughts are inspired of Him — always of others. Willingly, I believe, would you lay down your life for the things you love. For these things I love you, Nita; I love you more than you could ever suspect.

Nita — I am afraid you are trying to flatter me, Allen. But truly, I would be all that you have said. And if the time ever comes when I shall be compelled to choose between this life, which is so sweet, and the things that I love, let it be the latter.

Allen — Well spoken, indeed; only one wholly devoted to a cause could speak as you do. How I would that I might be favored with the love of one such as you.

Nita — No harm could result from trying, I am sure.

Allen — Thanks for that. Those words are an inspiration in themselves. And I shall begin right now to try to make myself worthy of such a love. I shall always hold your example before me as my guiding star, letting it beckon me on to a fuller realization of the values and pleasures of life. But how long must I wait before I may call you my own?

Nita — If when this dreadful war is ended, you still love me; if then you feel as you do now, then Allen, then will I trust my future happiness to you.

Allen — Thanks for that my dearest. Shall we seal the contract now?

Nita — Yes, if it so pleases you. Here under Heaven's blue dome, with only God and His handiwork as witnesses, let us pledge our hearts to each other. (They embrace.)

[CURTAIN.]

ACT III. (Scene: Porch of Mrs. Cawls' cottage; Mrs. Cawls and girls seated thereon, Mrs. Cawls crocheting, Bertha and Martha knitting.)

Mrs. Cawls — Girls, Mrs. Cord is going to bring her son, the lieutenant, over this afternoon, so I wish that you would remain here with me and help entertain him. He is just a young fellow and I know will enjoy becoming acquainted with the young folks about the place.

Mildred — All right mother, we will stay right here, won't we girls?

Girls — (All) Sure (some say) certainly.

Mildred — We can bring the victrola right out here on the porch and have a regular jolly good time, can't we mother?

Mrs. Cawls — To be sure; use the victrola as though it were your own, remember that that is what it is here for. (*Mildred enters house for victrola.*) Do you want me to help you?

Mildred (*Reappearing at door with victrola*) No thanks, Mother, I'll get along all right with it.

Martha — Now if you girls will get your knitting we can have a regular old fashioned knitting bee.

Mrs. Cawls — A good idea, Martha, but let's not call it a knitting bee, let's call it a club for war work. That will make it appeal to the lieutenant and I know will please his mother.

Nita — Well Martha and Bertha will have it on us here, won't they Mildred? For they will have more knit than we will even if we are to start in now. Consequently they will be the ones to appeal to the lieutenant.

Mildred — Not on your life. We will tell him we each have knit one sweater and are just starting on our second ones.

Nita — That might work all right for you, but not for me. Why, I couldn't say that if I would without my falsehood being found out, for I cannot knit at all.

Bertha — Well, don't let that worry you. Really I think you girls ought to give me a chance. Surely it is about my turn. It is plain to be seen that Mildred has captivated Tom Blake, while Martha is playing the high card with her oatmeal, I mean Rice; and as for Nita there — well, she will be calling Mother, auntie before very long, if appearances count for anything.

Mildred — Well, if it is turns that you have been waiting on, no wonder you are no more fortunate than you are. Remember love does not always take turns. But as far as I am concerned you can have the old lieutenant, I am sure I do not want him.

Bertha — I don't suppose you want to take any chances with him, for to do so you would have to neglect Tommy just a little, and you think best to hold on to what you already have cinched.

Mildred — Oh, I don't know. Anyway he would be better than an army man. If you have a soldier, you only have him occasionally, but if you get a man like Tom you have him all the time.

Bertha — Yes, but who wants a stick-tight? I know if I met a soldier who suited me I would be willing to part with him part of the time if the country needed him; and feel a great deal more proud of him than I would to have one who couldn't hear his country's call because he was tied to his little angel's apron strings.

Mildred — That sounds all right, but supposing he should be called across, then maybe you would be wearing mourning in a few months.

Bertha — I would feel sad no doubt. But if I loved a man enough to marry him, I am sure I would not begrudge my country the first right to him in time of peril. At the very most, his life could be no more sweet to me than it would be to him. But as for Lieutenant Cord, I have not said that I wanted him. I only asked for a chance. You know my chances do not always materialize.

Mildred — I'll say they don't. But it is not your fault, poor girl. But do your best this time Bertha, and maybe you might succeed, and if you find you need any help I'll help you. And do not hold back because he is a soldier. Even if he does have to cross the waters and gets blowed to — pieces, you will get his ten thousand, so why should you worry?

Mrs. Cawls — Girls, do not jest in such a manner over such a serious thing. Death itself is serious indeed; and to think that thousands upon thousands of our boys, the choice youth of the land, are daily giving their lives to the cause. All the money in the world cannot pay for the sacrifices that they have made.

Mildred — But, Mother, I did not mean to make light of the question of death. But you know that there are hundreds upon hundreds of young girls who have married soldiers just to get their life insurance.

Mrs. Cawls — Yes, dear, that is true, every word of it. Yet there are many who have married out of true love; not that they might receive the insurance, which however most of them will, but to show their willingness to share in part, as only a wife can share, some of the hardships that this terrible war is causing them to undergo. No, we must not judge too harshly, for we may judge some wrongly. And do not always blame the girls; remember many of them marry to comply with the wishes of the boys, who know full well that they must cross the sea.

Nita — But, Mother, do you think that that is right? Is it fair to the boy, and especially to his mother? Think of the hardships a mother undergoes as she beholds her boy, he whom she nursed at her own breast, he whom she reared, guided, and fostered from his babyhood through his boyhood days, teaching him to walk and talk, and later directing him through the trying period of young manhood, giving of her very soul to him in the precepts she lived before him. Is it justice to her, when her heart is heavily laden, as she watches him go forth, she knows not where, nor whether she may ever again gaze upon his earthly form? She sees in rapid succession all the hardships of the camp and of the battle-

field; she hears the cannons' roar; she sees the bursting shells; and in the midst of it all she sees her boy — a moment, and she looks again, can she be mistaken? No, no! In her vision she sees him covered with his own blood being borne from the field of battle. To this, would we add the breaking of home ties by laying the foundations of another home for that mother's boy?

Mrs. Cawls — Nita, I admire the stand that you take; all that you have said is true, but you will not find many of our young men and girls who think as you do. But if what you say is wrong for one it is equally wrong for both. The boys perhaps are the more to blame because they become forgetful of their own mothers.

Nita — Mother, I know the boys are to be blamed; I know that they seem forgetful of their mothers' happiness, but remember that "love is blind". Each sees only the girl whom he adores. He, enraptured with her love, forgets that a mother's love is rooted deeply in the past. But in just such times as these, a girl should exert her mental powers. She can better appreciate the mother's viewpoint than can that mother's son and consequently she should act accordingly. Under such circumstances as now present themselves to those about to cross the ocean, the majority of the boys propose marriage, fearing that she whom he loves might not otherwise prove true. But that is a weakness on his part. Find me a girl who will not be true to her love when she is single, and you will find that she will be less true if married. I am sure that if I loved a young man and he should ask me to become his wife, I should ask him to wait until this awful struggle is over before our relations could become more than an engagement. Then if his love had not weakened I would gladly give myself to him.

Mildred — Do not be too sure about that, Nita; maybe you have not had anyone to propose to you.

Mrs. Cawls — I believe Nita can well follow the way she has just laid before us. I only wish that all girls were like her.

Martha — Then our boys would have to go without sweaters. It has been more than a year now since the United States declared war and as yet she hasn't learned to knit.

Nita — Martha, you are right. My expressions of interest in the boys in the struggle and my efforts in behalf of their welfare are not consistent. I should have long ago learned to knit; will you teach me today?

Martha — I will do my best, but I cannot promise you any further than that. Get your needles and some yarn and get over here. (Nita enters house, gets needles, returns, and sits beside Martha who shows her how to knit; they make casual remarks during meantime).

Mrs. Cawls — (After pause). Here come the lieutenant and his mother. (Rises. The lieutenant and Mrs. Cord enter from left.) How do you do, Mrs. Cord, come right on up. We just came out onto the porch to await your coming. (Mrs. Cord introduces lieutenant.) And how do you do. (He makes reply as "how do you do, Mrs. Cawls"). I am certainly pleased to meet you. A man in khaki is a rather unusual thing about here. You are the first of our American boys that I have seen in Krenlin. (Introduces him to girls.) I saw a couple of Canadian boys over here the other day but they were the first. How long a furlough have you?

Lt. Cord — Just a month.

Mrs. Cawls — How fortunate. You will be here at just the right season to enjoy our resort. I understand from your mother that you have been stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia.

Lt. Cord — Yes, I was commissioned out of the second officers training school at Fort Benjamin Harrison, last November, and was immediately sent to Lee.

Nita — And where is your home, Lieutenant?

Lt. Cord — Castobia, Ohio, a small country town about thirty-seven miles east of Cincinnati and along the Ohio River.

Nita — Is that so? We live at La Grange, which is also along the Ohio, just a little way south of Steubenville.

Lt. Cord — That seems strange, doesn't it? To think that we should meet in this far away place in Maine, and that we all come from the banks of the Old Ohio. Still there is a great distance between our homes, I believe. If I am not mistaken Steubenville is north of Wheeling, isn't it?

Nita — Yes, about thirty miles; La Grange is but twenty-two miles north. But do you know that I always feel like I am right at home when I meet with some one who, in his home life, has something in common with that which I have known?

Lt. Cord — So do I. It permits one to break away from the monotonous conversational subjects of a general interest to something more specific; something of a more personal interest, and especially is that the case after one has been away from home for some time.

Nita — That is just the way I feel about it. Did you get home from camp very often?

Lt. Cord — I was home for six days when I received my commission, but that was the last.

Mildred — Why, that seems strange. Some of the boys out our way that went to Camp Sherman, got home every few weeks.

Lt. Cord — Well, with us, week-end passes were given quite frequently, but those extended only from Saturday noon until reveille Monday morning, and that did not give enough

time for me to get home and back. However, Mother came out to camp a couple of times and I would get time off to be with her. That made life seem more homelike.

Bertha — I should think so, and now to think that you have a month with her here is certainly grand.

Lt. Cord — Yes, just as soon as I found out that I was to get a furlough I could not help thinking how nice it would be for Mother, Raymond, and I to spend the time in some pleasant summer resort, (Mrs. Cawls and Mrs. Cord who have been conversing aside, enter house) so I wrote to Mother and asked her to close our home and come here for the summer and told her that I would join her here in July.

Bertha — How nice of you.

Lt. Cord — Well, I felt this way, who knows but that it may be the last time that we may ever be together on earth, so why not have it as easy and pleasant as possible for mother during that time. I know that mother often thinks of our next parting as maybe our last, although she tries not to let me know it. So knowing, as I do, that had I spent this vacation at home she would simply have tired herself completely, always doing something to add to my comfort, I concluded that it would be best for her to come here and then she would not always see the work before her and consequently she could get some enjoyment out of our time together. So I wrote a secret letter to Raymond telling him what I was going to do and why, and that if when Mother received the letter with my suggestion he would coax her to come, and agree with her that he would wash all the dishes, sweep the floors, and anything just to get to come, I would give him fifty dollars. It worked. At first Mother objected and wrote to me that she wished that I had never suggested such a thing, that Raymond simply could not give up the idea; but finally she consented and how much better and more enjoyable it is for her. Raymond, true to his promise, is up at the cottage now washing the dishes.

Mildred — He must be a Prince of a little fellow. Not many boys would remember a promise such as that one, once they got to a place like this. But how nicely things have turned out for you. In years to come your mother will look back with fond recollections to this, which for all we know may be as you say, your last summer with your mother.

Nita — Mildred, why do you speak as you do? Lt. Cord has not gone across as yet, and, though he may go soon, why should we harbor feelings of fear concerning his welfare? Let us not think of the dark side only. There is no occasion so discouraging but that a ray of hope, however faint it may be, can be discerned. God still rules in his universe, and if by His divine plan Lt. Cord is called upon to make the

supreme sacrifice, it is well. Surely nothing earthly can be more commendable than the giving of one's life for the country he loves.

Lt. Cord — A good philosophy indeed, Miss Collins. I wish that all of us could bespeak ourselves so freely of our confidence in Him who controls all our destinies. (Mrs. Cawls and Mrs. Cord reenter from house).

Bertha — But, Lieutenant, will you return to Camp Lee when your furlough has expired?

Lt. Cord — I hardly think so. My company is scheduled to sail from Baltimore, August twenty-eighth, so if all is well I shall rejoin it there.

Mrs. Cawls — Lieutenant, you should not speak so freely of the plans of the government; you do not know who may be waiting to snatch up every little remark you make and bear it to our enemies.

Lt. Cord — I know, Mrs. Cawls, but I do not fear so long as I am among friends.

Mrs. Cawls — But you have just met us for the first time.

Lt. Cord — Yes, but Mother has known you and the girls here for several weeks.

Mrs. Cawls — That is true, but even at that, have you not betrayed the trust of your government by speaking of the date of your sailing? Let me advise you, young man, to be more careful as to how you guard the trust the nation has confided to you: by so doing you may also guard the lives of the boys who might otherwise be subjected to submarine attacks, if the date of their sailing is made known. Surely the government desires such information concerning her troops kept as secret as possible or she would publish broadcast the date of the sailing of all troops. So please be more careful hereafter. Remember German trickery knows no limits.

Mrs. Cord — Harold, Mrs. Cawls speaks wisely. It would be well if you would heed her advice, then surely no harm will be done. However, your viewpoint is not to be disregarded. I agree with you that one need have no concern when with friends such as Mrs. Cawls and the girls here. Yet they might at some time, wholly unintentionally and perchance unconsciously drop a remark that would become the working basis for an ever watchful sympathizer of our enemies.

Mrs. Cawls — That is right, beware! Remember the fact that you are an army officer makes statements from you all the more desirable. Then again you do not know who may be lurking unseen to catch any news you might utter.

Lt. Cord — Very well, I stand corrected, and if it will console you and Mother in the least I shall hold my military knowledge entirely to myself.

Bertha — Just that, that might endanger our boys if such were to become known.

Lt. Cord — Oh, to be sure. Who are those fellows coming this way?

Mildred — That is Mr. Blake to the right, the other is Mr. Rice.

Bertha — And Mildred might add that they are quite frequent visitors here at our cottage.

Lt. Cord — Perhaps they are headed for this place, now?

Bertha — Without a doubt.

Lt. Cord — (Reaching for hat) Then am I intruding?

Bertha — Not at all.

Martha — They will be pleased to know you, I am sure; Mr. Rice expressed himself thusly at tennis the other afternoon. (Boys enter from right, Mildred and Martha come down from porch to meet them. Movement very informal and easy. Returning they introduce boys to the lieutenant, casual remarks are passed).

Joseph — I had heard of your arrival within our little resort and I have been quite desirous of making your acquaintance.

Thomas — The appearance of a man in uniform in our quiet little resort will serve to remind us that we are at war.

Mrs. Cawls — Then what a blessing that he has come. Krenlin is as happy and as jovial a place as it ever was; and to walk along the beach or about the resort one would never suspect that a great war is upon us.

Thomas — So I meant, Mother. His presence will surely awaken the people from their indifference.

Lt. Cord — I surely hope so, if as you seem to imply they are neglectful or unmindful of their duty to our country. However, I would not that they be constantly reminded of the great war's existence, for such would mar individual pleasure; and we must keep the people's spirits at high pitch or their feelings of horror will detract from the enthusiasm in the cause and thus cause our boys to become more discouraged. (Mrs. Cawls and Mrs. Cord reenter house).

Thomas — I presume that is right. Have you been overseas, Lieutenant?

Lt. Cord — Not as yet, but I am getting anxious for the experience. (Leger enters from left and comes upon porch) Camp life becomes so monotonous.

Leger — That's the way I likes to hear you talk Misser Lieutenant. Golly you fellers sure have some chance in this war, the fellers in the Revolution wasn't in it atall with you.

Lt. Cord — How do you get that, Leger?

Leger — Golly, man, the fellers what fought on our side them days didn't get to see very much. But gosh, you fellers have a splendiferous opportunity to see a heap of this world,

and mighty good chances of seein' some of the next. (All laugh.)

Nita — It is not right to speak that way, Leger. You are making fun; remember war is awful.

Leger — Sherman said somethin' like that; but golly, he didn't know, cause lots of people died then and it wouldn't be like what you told me in Sunday School, Sunday. You said that people what went to Heaven didn't have to go to the bad place first. But maybe Sherman didn't get to go to Sunday School to you. (During latter part of his discourse, Leger has taken an apple from his pocket and has been rubbing it on his shirt sleeve)

Nita — I hardly think that he did, Leger. But now, aren't you going to give me a bite of your apple?

Leger — (Biting out chunk and offering it to her) Golly yes, I'd do anything for you.

Nita — Leger, I am ashamed of you. That was a very dirty thing for you to do. You may eat all of the apple if that is your way of dividing it.

Leger — Golly, Miss Nita, what you so spunky about? Didn't you ask for a bite? How did you suppose I was goin' to know how much a bite was if I didn't measure it?

Lt. Cord — Say, Leger, did you see Raymond this afternoon?

Leger — Golly no, what's wrong with him?

Lt. Cord — Nothing at all, but he was wishing he had some one to go bathing with him this afternoon and I thought maybe you would like to go with him.

Leger — Golly yes, so I do. How did you guess it? Your head must have been made for thinkin'. (Exits to left, in haste.)

Joseph — Good work, old fellow. You surely got rid of him easily.

Thomas — I should say so. My, but isn't he a caution?

Nita — Yes, but he has a very good heart and if he is treated properly he will make a good man yet.

Bertha — Perhaps so, but I'm afraid you and I would differ on what would be proper treatment when it came to handling him.

Lt. Cord — I am sure that I would not care to undertake handling one such as he. It would be altogether too big a task for me.

Mildred — Here too; but changing the subject, what do you boys say to a game today?

Joseph — (To lieutenant) Lieutenant, do you play tennis?

Lt. Cord — I used to, but it has been more than a year since I tried my hand at the game. However, if you folks can bear with my awkwardness, I should like to play again.

Nita — Then you boys wait until we get our tennis shoes and then we will be ready to go directly to the courts.

Lt. Cord — That is right, I will have to get my shoes, too. I wonder if Mother brought them from home.

Bertha — I shall ask her. (Girls enter house, meanwhile boys engage in casual conversation. Bertha returning continues) Yes, Lieutenant, she says that they are in your brother's trunk. So if you will wait until we change our shoes we shall walk up that way with you for them.

Lt. Cord — Thank you, that will be very delightful.

Joseph — Now, Lieutenant, we are alone, an opportunity I have been looking for for some time, in fact ever since you landed here. I have something of importance to tell to you, can you promise to keep it quiet?

Lt. Cord — That, Mr. Rice, I think I can, but only with the understanding that it is something that does not involve any wrong or a violation of any of my previous promises.

Joseph — This is for the cause of the country. There have been some strange happenings about this place lately; a few months ago a young fisherman was killed while out in his boat, here on the bay; a short time thereafter Tom here and I became suspicious of a certain person, whose presence about the place was not known until some time after the murder. We began to watch him and one evening while following him I found a paper that he had dropped. I know that it belonged to him for I came upon him the next morning as he was looking for it. The paper contained a drawing of the bay here, and was stamped "Made in Germany".

Lt. Cord — We must get that man; is he still in Krenlin?

Joseph — Down there by the edge of the timber. He has built a cabin wholly apart from the rest of the settlement, and there he spends most of his time.

Lt. Cord — We will go down and raid the place (rising and starting). Come on.

Joseph — Not so fast, Lieutenant; wait until tonight or if necessary later. We may thus learn more before he suspects us and our motives. If we were to go now he could not help but see us before we could reach his cabin and thus we could learn nothing. If we wait until some dark night we can slip up to his cabin under the very cover of darkness and maybe learn something before he becomes aware of our presence. In the meantime we must watch him whenever he goes to the postoffice to see if he sends or receives any mail. If at any time his mail is of such a nature as to cause us to feel that we are justified we can disclose our suspicions to Hoskins and let him watch the mail. It will also be necessary that we watch closely that he does not escape from here. Aside from these two precautions I think it will be best for us to keep shaded and watch developments. As yet he does not even suspect that he is being watched.

Lt. Cord — You are right. I would have spoiled all your carefully laid plans if you had let me have my way. As you say, no harm can be done if we keep him from getting news to and from the place either by mail or by personal conveyance and by waiting we may be able to learn something of importance. If it should be that he plans to make the bay a base for submarines we may be able to learn something definite concerning their arrival and then we can communicate the same to Washington and may thus secure the destruction of the entire fleet that Germany may send across here. But I hear the girls coming now; we must keep this thing exceedingly quiet. (Girls enter.) Well, you girls look as though you were regular professionals at the game. I am afraid I will present a rather strange appearance on the court, appearing as I shall be obliged to, in uniform.

Bertha — Oh, I don't think so. Is everyone ready?

Thomas — The gang's all here.

Bertha — Then let's go.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT IV. Scene I. (Wood scene with cabin to left; Kimes seated within cabin opposite open door.)

Allen — Nearly two months have passed since I finished laying my line, thereby completing my connections with the sea. Still in that time only two submarines have entered the bay; one having entered early in the evening of July the seventeenth. That craft left the bay about eleven that night. The other entered at about four in the afternoon of August second and did not leave our waters until about seven the next morning. I wonder if they could have changed their plans and landed elsewhere; yet I hardly think so for German obstinacy and determination usually accomplish their ends. Perhaps the blockade of the Allies and the patrol of the United States along the coast have prevented them from entering the bay. But that should not make them so late as all this. They are already a couple of weeks past due now, I believe. (Looks at order, reads.) "Subs will arrive in Passamaquoddy Bay about August sixth," and here it is August twenty-first. But I will wait, I may be needed yet. I had hoped to make the acquaintance of that young army officer that reached here several weeks ago, but as yet I have been unable to do so. He and his people seem to spend a great deal of time with Auntie, but it seems to be my luck to always miss him there, or if I do happen to go there

when he is there he usually leaves shortly after my arrival so I have not had hardly any chance to talk with him. If I could only get to talk with him when there is no one else around I'll bet I could find out something. But he seems to be in love with Nita, and I suppose that he knows that I am affected the same way and for that reason he does not care for my association. It certainly seems strange that he should be here for so long. But Nita said that he told her he would be here until August the twenty-sixth so he will soon be going. Gee, how I wish I could have made his acquaintance without him suspecting me. If he would only be granted an extension to his furlough then my scheme might be made to work. But I suppose that an extension would simply mean more time for him with Nita and I would have no more chance of making his acquaintance than I have had in the past. I'll say that it has been a good thing for me that Nita promised me her hand before his arrival; otherwise I might have lost out there. But as it is I have had no fear on that score. Yet I do wish that she had set an earlier date. But God knows what is best; and as for her word of promise, well it is as good as the law itself. I have known her but a short time yet never was I so moved by womanly grace and charms as when I met her. If I could but tell to her the secrets of the work that I am doing. But it is not fit, still I do not doubt her on her ability to keep my confidence. (Microphone buzzes.) Ah, there the microphone. (He listens, prepared to write.) Not much to that; simply a sub streaming into the bay; no message at all, but unlike the other this one did not leave the bay but is now resting somewhere along the bottom. That means that I must not leave my cabin today or at least until that craft pulls out. Golly, but it will be a tiresome day, more so than any that I have put in for some time. I haven't even a newspaper to read and I dare not leave here to go for one. (Leger is heard whistling off right.) Ah, here comes Leger, I will have him go for one for me. No, no, that would never do, he would be apt to tell some one that I had sent him and then they would begin to wonder why I had not run my own errand. And I must not let Leger come in here. (Leaves house, starts sawing wood to right of house.)

Leger — Golly, see the old boy ride that saw. Gosh, but I am glad that I hain't you.

Allen — Why, hello Leger! Scare a man to death, will you? What in the world ever brought you down here?

Leger — Cause Old Granny wanted me to scrub the front porch for her. But I told her I couldn't because I didn't have any-

thing to scrub it with. So when she went to get the water and things I beat it.

Allen — Leger, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for playing such a mean trick on your grandmother.

Leger — I don't see why. I didn't play any trick on her anyway. She didn't tell me to wait, did she? And I told her I couldn't scrub her old porch, didn't I? And then after I told her that how did I know but what maybe she had changed her mind? And anyhow I didn't kerzactly know that she had went after the water, I just kinder thought that she did. Golly, did you think I was goin' to hang around and wait for her to tell me a second time? Not much. I don't believe in havin' to be told twice to do a thing. She knowed more about how she wanted it done than I did anyhow, so what's the use of me workin' all the time?

Allen — I am afraid that you are becoming rather lazy, aren't you?

Leger — Golly no, I hain't lazy. I just didn't want to work, that's all. But I know what's the matter with you, I do. You're just mad 'cause that young soldier what has leather boots with the bottoms cut out is cuttin' you out with Miss Nita. I know, you can't fool me, that's what you can't. Golly, that young feller stays over there with Miss Nita all the time when you hain't there. And he plays tennis with her and everything.

Allen — Well, well, but do you blame him for liking her? Don't you think she is nice?

Leger — Golly yes, but I'm afraid she likes him better'n she does me.

Allen — Now, Leger, do not become discouraged, I think she likes everyone, and I know that she likes you.

Leger — Golly, I'm goin' to ask her. I likes her a whole lot I know, and Joe and Tom and you and everybody likes her. And do you know I think that Joe is helpin' that soldier feller?

Allen — Why do you think so, Leger?

Leger — Cause I saw them sittin' on Mammy Cawl's porch one day and they was talkin' kinder low like, like fellers does when they talks about their girls, you know. Microphone buzzes during conversation.)

Allen — Well, Leger, let's you and I work together, too. You run along up town and watch them; then tomorrow you come back again and tell me all that you can find out about all of them. Now be sure and watch closely but do not let them know that we are working together.

Leger — Golly no; won't that be scrumptious?

Allen — But hurry, Leger, or they may go away some place and you might then be unable to find them.

Leger — (Pulling at suspenders and walking out listlessly) — Spects I had better hurry, they might be gettin' married if I don't watch them.

Allen — Golly, I thought that I never would get rid of him, and that old microphone may have been bearing me good news. (Goes back to cabin.) He is always coming around when he is not wanted, and now maybe he has spoiled everything for me today. Yet I should not lay the blame altogether on him. If I had had good sense I would not have left the cabin but would have locked the door from the inside and kept quiet until he had gone away. In that way I could have kept account of all maneuverings in the bay. As it is I do not know whether my submarine is there or not. But I suppose that I ought to consider myself fortunate in having obtained trace of this one. Supposing that Leger had come along just before it came within the reach of my apparatus, then I would have known nothing about its coming and of course would not have to wonder as to whether it had given me the slip. And such things could have happened, and may have been happening right along. Day after day I have abandoned my hut when I did not need to do so, simply to go bathing, or maybe for a walk, or a game with Nita, when such could have been postponed as easily as not. But love seems blind; it often causes one to neglect his duties for pleasant moments either in company with, or thoughts of, her upon whom he has centered his affections. Such is the way of us Americans, we permit personal feelings to interfere with our duties. Oh, how I wish that I had more of the German subjection of self. Had I but told Nita I am sure she would not have asked me to have neglected my post,—she is so thoughtful, so considerate of one's duty to the cause he supports. I will tell her all to-night, nothing will I withhold from her. Yet should I? To those to whom I have promised my allegiance and from whom I have accepted this trust, I have sworn secrecy. No, no! I must not, I cannot! A promise is the test of man. I have given mine, I have no right to retract it. I do not feel that it is an evil promise or that the cause for which it was given is unjust. By my promise I shall stand the test. Not that I feel that promises need never be broken, for I do not. An unrighteous promise unbroken shows forth a man just as surely and as truly as a righteous one reveals his worth if it is broken. But my promise is a righteous one, righteously given to a righteous cause of a righteous people. I shall prove my worth. May Heaven help me. (Microphone buzzes, he listens, prepared to write, waits.) Another U-Boat enters the bay, and like the first it too lies still on the bottom. It may be that it is the same one that

entered a while ago, for that one could have slipped out while I was out talking with Leger, but it hardly sounded like the same one. But if it should be it makes no difference. I know now that there is at least one sub with which I have connections. After all, perhaps I have not done so awfully wrong. Had I neglected Nita entirely I would not have been about the resort at all and consequently I could not have avoided suspicion. At the same time I should have lost my love. All in all it is best as it is. True love does not interfere with the works of man if man's plans are in harmony with the will of the Divine. He never ceases to watch over all, and by His plan love is essential to man's existence if one is to enjoy the fullness of life. Nita, you are to be mine, not of my own choice alone, nor of yours, but of both guided by a higher power — the power of one who sees not only the present and the past, but the future as it should be and as it will be. True to that guidance I shall live with the present and trust to the future.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II. (Scene same as Scene I. Time 10:15 on night of same day. Night is dark and stormy. Scene opens with Allen receiving at microphone before open door.)

Allen — Another roll call; evidently one has not arrived. Perhaps it has been lost or destroyed while on the way. Already it seems that a whole crew is at hand, seven besides the leader are now in the bay. These have all been here since noon. And twice since that time the roll has been called and each time one was missing. I wonder if they will wait longer for its arrival, surely not; an excellent night is at hand for the work and surely they will not miss the advantage that it offers. This must surely be the last roll call, action must begin soon. (Comes out of cabin, looks toward Krenlin.) Already all is quiet in the village; if the people there but knew the secrets of yonder bay (glances toward bay). What, did I see a light? Another? Then I was not mistaken and from the position of those flashes Rock Island will surely be the place from which action must begin. I must reach there as soon as possible. (Dashes out right, leaving door open. After pause Lt. Cord, Joseph and Thomas enter from left, finding door open.)

Joseph — The rascal has given us the slip, and for all we know maybe he has been doing so for the last few weeks.

Thomas — Now, Joe, don't get fussed, if he has been in the habit of leaving he has been more careful in the past than he has shown himself to be on this occasion. And what is more there has been a light here in the cabin every night for some time past and we have by looking through the cracks in the walls been able to get glimpses of him as he would move around.

Lt. Cord — Tom is right. This is the night for which Kimes has been waiting. Practically every night since you made known to me your suspicions has been clear. This is the first dark night, and in his desire to get away he has neglected to close his door. I am sorry that we let him get away this time; but now we will have a chance to look around among his possessions and in that way may be able to find out something before he returns.

Joseph — You are right, Lieutenant. Tom, you go outside and stand watch. If you hear or see anyone whistle, and we shall seek cover.

Thomas — You goose, couldn't he hear me whistle as well as you could? I will accidentally come upon him and will engage him in conversation and then suddenly strangle as a sign to you.

Joseph — Any old way, just so you keep him from finding us here. But hurry, he may be coming any time. (Thomas exits to the right; the lieutenant and Joseph look about the room, with the aid of their flashlights. Joseph discovers microphone, puts it to his ear.) Say, Lieutenant, do you know what this thing is?

Lt. Cord. — (Looks at thing a minute, then holds it to his ear.) Joseph Rice, we have been beaten. He has played his game better than I had ever suspected. No wonder he built his cabin here at the edge of the timber; nor is it any wonder that we have not been able to catch him in his communications with the enemy. By this simple device he has been able to sit right here in his cabin and have unlimited connection with his friends, whether they were out at sea, in Canada, or here in the United States. Listen! Pauses and writes.) Thank fortune I have not forgotten the Morse alphabet. Let's see, (pauses) here it is, "Admiral has gone for island, will report at 12:25".

Joseph — That must be that little rocky island out here in the bay. No one lives on it and it would be just the place for such work. Campabello and Deer Islands, a little farther out, are inhabited, and consequently espionage work from such a base would likely be detected.

Lt. Cord — You are likely right. Shall one of us keep watch here while the other two go to the island?

Joseph — Is there any way to make a reply?

Lt. Cord — None that I can see.

Joseph — Then they will not likely wire again. That message has likely been a summons to him to meet them there. Consequently all three of us had better go to the island, and go well armed; we do not know what we may have to encounter. It is a certainty that Kimes and the admiral will be there, and we do not know how many the admiral may take with him.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE III. (Scene rocky island, seaweed overhanging from ledge; Kimes hidden beneath seaweeds. Mrs. Cawls and Nita each dressed in black suits of men's clothing standing upon rocks. Town clock strikes twelve.)

Nita — Was not that twelve?

Mrs. Cawls — Yes, my dear. We shall not likely have much longer to wait; I hope not anyhow. They know that we must get back before morning, and I do not think they will keep us waiting here any longer than on previous occasions. The letter stated that we would be met at the usual place and time, and likely on this date. The two flashes a little over an hour and a half ago, told us that they would be here. We shall not be disappointed, they will come soon.

Nita — I know, mother, but I have been wondering if there could be such a thing as their lights having been seen and they were driven away? You know they signaled so much earlier than usual. Why, the people in Krenlin had hardly put out their lights when the two flashes were seen. Or on the other hand do you suppose that some one could have learned of our scheme and so gave the signal to find us out?

Mrs. Cawls — I hardly think so. No doubt they arrived earlier in the day, and were awaiting the time when all was quiet in Krenlin, and consequently after the last light had been extinguished they felt safe in giving us the signal.

Nita — But if they are not to meet us here earlier than on previous occasions we have over an hour to wait.

Mrs. Cawls — I believe we shall soon see them. I think that is the reason they signaled earlier than for common. They may have other work to do and may want to get out of here earlier than usual.

Nita — Listen, I believe they are coming now. (Submarine is heard approaching at rear of island. Admiral accompanied by two others comes from rear of island. Mrs. Cawls and

Nita stand with arms raised as soon as Nita ceases speaking; just before the admiral comes in sight he flashes a light, whereupon Mrs. Cawls and Nita cross their arms above their heads.)

Mrs. Cawls—Ganz gut.

Admiral—Das ist gut. (Salutes.) And what have our good women for us tonight?

Mrs. Cawls—A division of the American army is to sail from Baltimore, Maryland, August the twenty-eighth; just one week from today.

Admiral—And the source of the information?

Mrs. Cawls—An army officer who is spending the summer in our resort.

Admiral—And what is his rank?

Mrs. Cawls—A lieutenant.

Admiral—And why is he not on duty?

Mrs. Cawls—He was given a month's furlough previous to his sailing, and so he brought his mother and little brother to our resort for that time.

Admiral—Why did he choose Krenlin?

Mrs. Cawls—That I do not know.

Nita—Sir, I have endeavored to become quite intimate with him in order to learn all that I possibly could concerning him and the American forces, and all that I have been able to learn concerning his reasons for choosing Krenlin is because of its far northerly position, and its quietness. He being desirous of getting his mother far away from her usual work for his last visit with her before he sailed. He is none too certain that he will ever return and so he wanted his last days with his mother as free from care and worry as possible.

Admiral—And his last days they will be. Eight submarines lie quietly on the bottom of the bay, ready to sail forth at my command to meet the audacious Americans. Has our young lady made love to him?

Nita—I have not; I have another lover.

Admiral—But it is for the Fatherland.

Nita—I have not seen where I could have done more for the beloved Fatherland than I have done. He has spoken freely with us as friends.

Admiral—Does he suspect you?

Mrs. Cawls—He does not. At the time he mentioned the date for the sailing of the troops I cautioned him to speak with care and he accepted the advice as though it were prompted by patriotic reasons.

Admiral — Has he mentioned the date of the sailing to any other than you?

Mrs. Cawls — His mother and three other girls that stay with me were present at the time. But he promised not to mention it again. The other girls are patriotic and loyal Americans and will not tell it.

Admiral — What excuse did you give them for coming here tonight?

Mrs. Cawls — They were asleep when we stole from the cottage.

Admiral — And you are certain there is no other person about the resort who knows the date of the sailing?

Mrs. Cawls — Absolutely confident of it.

Admiral — Then lest the Lieutenant's mother might become suspicious of you and make known such things as to reveal the fact that it was you who disclosed the secret to us we shall call for you at this place during the night of August the thirty-first, and take you with us back to our beloved Fatherland. Such good work as you have done makes you deserving of the utmost protection that His Royal Highness can afford you. I would take you tonight, but your absence from the resort at this time would create interest and in searching for you we might be discovered. You will not be in danger before we return.

Mrs. Cawls — I hardly agree with what you have said; we can leave the resort within the next week and return to our homes in the state of Ohio without arousing the least of suspicion either here or there. From there we may be able to serve the Fatherland and His Royal Highness, Emperor Wilhelm, to even greater advantage than we have as yet been able to do.

Admiral — It is well. You bespeak yourselves as loyal and devoted subjects of His Most Gracious Highness. Guten tag, meine guten damen. (Departs).

Mrs. Cawls and Nita — Adieu, der edelste Herr.

Mrs. Cawls — (After brief pause). Now we must hurry back to the mainland. (They turn and advance toward the rear, Allen clammers over the ledge).

Allen — Stop, hands up! (draws knives) Face about! (as they turn Nita reaches for pocket; Allen advances) take that hand from that pocket or I will stab. (Lt. Cord, Joseph Rice, and Thomas Blake come upon the scene from the rear).

[CURTAIN.]

ACT V. (Scene outdoors. May be same as in Act II. Allen Kimes is sitting upon a log and digging into the ground with a small stick. Lt. Cord enters.)

Lt. Cord — Mr. Kimes, the Major presents his compliments and asks me to state that no further stay of execution is to be granted. Also that the President has refused to set aside or to alter the verdict of the court martial.

Allen — That means that at eight tonight the sentence must be duly executed.

Lt. Cord — It seems that it must. The awfulness of the deed and the assumed innocence of the conspirators have found no favor with the Major. Nor do I think that, since the activities of the day following the discovery of the true spies, public sentiment has favored leniency.

Allen — It is true. Such crimes meditated upon and carried out in utter defiance of the law, by persons wholly cognizant of the results, are deserving of the severest of punishments. Yet I cannot help but dread that the fatal hour must come.

Lt. Cord — And to think, Mr. Kimes, that throughout it all, not only I but Mr. Rice, and Mr. Blake, had suspected you as being a traitor to our country. Not until the night that we came upon you as you halted the guilty ones on the island, did I even so much as think of the government using her secret service men here. Even then I was at first inclined to think that the little transaction that we saw there was simply a ruse to throw us off the track; but of course your statements and credentials as presented at the court martial have proven your innocence and established your identity beyond question. Now I trust that you will forgive us for harboring such thoughts of you; you, who by the very actions for which we were condemning you, were unearthing the greatest conspiracy against our country that has as yet been discovered.

Allen — Rest assured, my dear Sir, that I hold nothing against any of you. Such as you were permitted to learn, justified you in your suspicions. You were simply doing your duty as true Americans. But, Lieutenant, something of greater concern than that of which you speak is bearing down upon me; my heart is heavily laden. May I speak with you as a friend?

Lt. Cord — Gladly will I hear you.

Allen — This has been a trying time for me. The thoughts of my duty of the very near future are appalling in the extreme. To me it is the taking of the blood of one's very own, and I wonder if there is any way by which I might get out of it. Do you know that Mrs. Cawls is my aunt, my mother's own sister? And to draw her still nearer to me she was

permitted to spend a great deal of time in our home during my childhood.

Lt. Cord — Can it be true? Yet I can see no way out of it for you at this stage of the game. But since the execution of this punishment has developed upon us I shall assume that of your aunt and let you become accountable for the younger ladys' receipt of the punishment. Such an arrangement will please me the better for really I had begun to love Miss Collins. Her pleasing ways, her apparent whole-hearted devotion to her conscientious convictions, and her assumed open-mindedness had placed her within my estimation in a class by herself.

Allen — Very well, let it be agreed as you have said, and hard though it may be for me to take Nita's life, I shall by so doing be able to assure Mother, that Auntie's blood was not spilt by my hands.

Lt. Cord — And I can have the assurance that my hand was not turned against her to whom I was beginning to look with longing love. Do you know, Mr. Kimes, it is hard to cast aside one's love even in such a time as this? When the one whom you cherish has been proven guilty, yes more than that, when you know her to be guilty of the darkest of crimes, treason.

Allen — It is hard indeed. Oh why should such a love have ever been fostered? Why should one so pleasing, so attractive, and so lovable as Nita, ever be permitted to stoop to such a deed? Lieutenant, I hope I am not transgressing upon your pleasures when I tell you that I too was in love with her; and what is more she had given me the promise of her hand so soon as this awful carnage should cease.

Lt. Cord — Indeed. Then I cannot help but admire you the more for having loved her. Her charms and her absolute devotion to the causes she chose to champion, and now her devotion to that cause even unto death, cannot help but win for her the esteem of any mortal being.

Allen — But now, Lieutenant, I have a suggestion to offer concerning the manner in which we shall carry out the verdict of the court-martial. The verdict simply requires that they be shot at eight P. M. on this date, and you and I have been designated as the executioners.

Lt. Cord — I believe you are right.

Allen — And since no more has been said I believe that we are at liberty to supply the missing details. The shooting is bad indeed and much to be dreaded, especially so since it concerns those whom we have come to know so intimately. But worse to me than the shooting is the fall of the bodies. Already within my ears I hear the thud of those dead bodies, the bodies of those whom I love, one of my own blood, the

other my betrothed, as they fall to the ground; such a sensation if permitted to materialize will be lasting with me; and the more so should the sudden expulsion of air from the lungs produce a recognizable sound, my heart must stand still. Such will be more than I can stand. Therefore I suggest that we bind each to a tree so that when the deadly shots have been fired no thud of the falling bodies need be borne to our ears. Then when we have regained our self-composure we can lay them quietly down with the utmost respect to the bodies.

Lt. Cord — An excellent idea. I shall go for the ropes now. We must have everything in readiness so that no time need be lost.

Allen — Yes, the hour draws near. (*Lt. Cord exits left*). Oh, how I would that this awful duty might pass from me. Dear Auntie, always so kind and loving, always so thoughtful of mother and of me. Why did you do this? Could money have been the item? Oh God, is liberty so little prized and loyalty so lacking as to be directed and commanded by the gold of man? Heaven forbid. Oh God, why hast Thou permitted this to be so? Why hast Thou permitted a government to develop that would not only stoop so low as to undermine another nation but to undermine the families of those who would be faithful and loyal to the government to whom they owe their allegiance? Germany, you must pay for this. Would that I, personally, were able to make you answer for it all. You have robbed me of my aunt and of my love. May the very semblance of the nationality that is yours, founded as it is upon militarism with its deeds of horror be wrested from you before the end of this struggle. (As he draws to a close he rises in a defiant attitude).

Lt. Cord — (*Returning with ropes*) Did you say to bind them to trees?

Allen — I think that will be the best. We shall tie one to the tree there to the left and the other to this tree here by me. And now we must hurry; time is growing short.

Lt. Cord — What shall we do with the bodies?

Allen — We cannot give them a respectable burial, but we can treat their bodies with respect. Accordingly I have made two rude caskets, the best that I could make with the material that I could secure; within these we shall lay them away. I also think best to consign them to Mother Earth. And as Auntie so loved Krenlin, and Nita so loved the outdoor life, I think best to lay them away here in the woods which Bryant has so truthfully said: "Were God's first temples". Consequently I have dug two graves side by side on yonder hilltop.

Lt. Cord — Very well. Now let us go for the offenders. (Exeunt left; after pause they return with women, both of whom are blindfolded, and bind them loosely to trees, Mrs. Cawls to the left, Nita to the right; they must be so bound as to allow free use of forearms.)

Allen — (Speaking while binding them to trees) Auntie, is there nothing I can do for you before the end must come? Is there any promise consistent with my honor and duty that I can make to you? And have you no word for mother?

Mrs. Cawls — Nothing. (Lt. Cord and Allen take posts and draw pistols).

Allen — Have either of you a last word or request?

Nita — (With laugh) If we had aught to say, it should have been said before this.

Boys — (Leveling pistols) Then Good-Bye. (Both fire. Mrs. Cawls body reels back of tree as though to conceal wound and flowing blood. Allen has fired wide. Nita snatches blindfold from eyes and exclaims)

Nita — Why do you hesitate? That is the way with you Americans — personal love and hatred come before the love of country. With us, the love for the Fatherland surpasses all else. (Laughs) Why do you not shoot? Will womanly love direct your cowardly acts? (Allen regains himself, fires the second time, this time aiming true; Nita clasps her hands over heart releasing cork to a bottle containing blood; Bottle having been concealed within bosom; at same time she exclaims: "Deutschland Uber Alles." (Hands drop)

Allen — America is avenged.

TABLEAUX: — Goddess of Liberty appears at center waving American flag. Chorus from the right and left, sing:
 "And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

[CURTAIN.]

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